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THE ORPHAN CALF.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

HARRY felt himself, as he said, "quite almost a man," when he and his sister were taken from their sick mamma to the farmhouse of Nursey's father.

Harry had very good reasons for feeling manly. In the first place, he was almost a head taller than "Kissie," as sister Kitty called herself; and his fat little leg was "two times as bigger than hers;" and his hair was parted on one side of his head, like papa's; and he didn't cry when he was put to bed in the dark, as Kissie did. Then, besides all this, he knew "This little pig went to market" and "Twinkle, twinkle little star;" and could sing Kissie to sleep with "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," when she cried; and he knew round O and crooked S, and lots more of nice things which only big boys know; and greater than all, he was going to have pants like brother Ned's in two little specks of years; of course he was a very big boy!

Oh! how that bright sweet boy enjoyed "God's work," as he called the country, and how many questions he asked Nursey every day about "God's trees, God's brooks, and God's animals." He had been taught to see God's hand in everything and to love Him for all His gifts. Sometimes when he found a flower by the roadside or among the grass, he would pluck it, and look tenderly down into its little heart, and then say with a smile, "See, Nursey dear, what a sweet flower God made for Kissie and me. Oughtn't we to love Him, Nursey?"

One day the old farmer came into his cottage looking very sad. His best cow, Silverfoot, had tried to leap a fence, to escape from a strange dog that had been chasing and barking at her, but catching her horns in the branches of an apple-tree, had fallen over backwards and broken her neck!

"It's a great loss to me," he said, "for beside her real worth, she was giving twelve quarts of milk a day just now!"

"I didn't boke my neck, did I, Nursey?" cried Kissie, looking up from her bowl of milk and laying down her spoon to feel her plump neck to make sure it was all on tight.

"Why, Mr. Day," cried big five years Harry, "Silverfoot was the new calfie's mother, wasn't she?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Then poor calfie's an orphan, isn't he?"

"Well, yes, Harry, I suppose he is," replied the farmer with a smile.

"My mamma tells me to be kind to the orphans, and to feed them and to pity them. May I feed this one when supper-time comes?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my brave boy," said the farmer. "Your Nursey shall bring him up from the cow-yard at sunset; and you shall feed him from your own little hand.

"It's a pretty *big* hand, now," replied Harry, and then he caught up poor Kissie's tiny one and laid it on his own to prove what he had said. "Papa says it'll be a real stout hand, putty soon, to work with, but Kissie's is only a girl's hand, made little to sew with, you know?"

"Yes, I know, brave boy," said the farmer, laying his great brown hand on the curly head, saying, "May God keep you pure and make you strong, darling!"

It was Kissie's joyful work to feed the poultry every evening; and she always watched to see the sun go down behind the great apple-tree, as that was the time for their supper. So it was agreed among them, that at the same time "the orphan" should be brought to the door for his supper from Harry's hand.

All the long afternoon the children gathered buttercups to plant in broken cups and sugar-bowls; but every now and then, remembering their task, they would peep up from under their great shade hats to see how the sun was getting on in his journey.

At length Kissie sprang up, dropping an apronful of flowers and grass and sand, and running to the cottage door, called out, "Nurthy, Nurthy, the sun'th hided now 'hind the big apple-tree. Get the corn now and bring the calfie!"

Then Harry ran into the house and opening a box which mamma had sent him, he picked out the biggest orange in it and ran to the door.

When Nursey returned from the cow-yard bringing the poor lonely calf with her, the tender-hearted little ones were waiting for it. The farmer's wife had mixed a pailful of what she called "mush" for the calf, which was meal and milk; but Harry looked scornfully at it and said, "*He* needn't eat that old awful stuff! I'm going to give him my great big orange for his supper; and Kissie told the chickies they must eat stones to-night 'cause they've got a mamma to take care of them, and let the poor little orphan calfie have the corn, and they all said, 'Good, good, good!'"

So Harry put his great bright orange close up to the calf's nose; but he only snuffed at it, and wouldn't even open his mouth to taste it.

And Kissie held up her apronful of corn to him; but he had no teeth to chew that with. He put out his tongue as if he would rather eat their little hands; but just then the farmer's wife came out with her "mush;" and he ran up and put his nose into the pail and drank it with a fine relish.

Then Kissie took her corn to the chickens, who said, "Good, good, good," again. The farmer took Harry on his knees and peeled the orange for him, saying, "God made oranges for little boys, and corn and meal for fowls and calves. But you will always remember to be kind to animals, and never injure anything God has made and given life to. The calf did not want your orange, but God above saw your kindness, and smiled on you. When you grow to be a man, never stand by and see a dumb creature abused or neglected. Pity and help all orphans, dear boy, whether they are little children or motherless lambs and calves."

THE LANTERN-FLY.

BY MRS. HELEN F. PARKER.

Two years after Uncle Phil's visit to the Edgewoods in their prairie home, Ella went to see him in the city. Although Uncle Phil was a bachelor, he had invited a widowed sister with her children to live in his beautiful house. She was very gay; often gave parties for the children; sent them to balls, exquisitely dressed, and to fashionable schools when their heads did not ache.

They all thought Uncle Phil the oddest uncle that ever was seen, and that his room, with its large cabinets of insects and shells, was as stupid as it could be. They could not help loving him, because he was so cheerful and kind, but they did not like to have him call them little old men and women when they were dressed in lovely silks and gloves, all ready for a party.

For his part, Uncle Phil felt very lonely, although there was much noise and gayety in the house. He often thought of his pleasant summer with the Edgewoods, and, one day in November, when the snow-flakes were falling, he suddenly thought of Ella, and that he would have her spend the winter with him and go to school.

Thus it happened that Ella, simple as a shepherdess, but gentle and refined, found herself in the midst of her city friends. She at once discovered the difference from her own home, and, in her first shrinking and timidity, often took shelter in her uncle's room. He never stared at her dress from top to toe, or thought of its quality, or looked at her shoes till she winced. If she was neatly and simply dressed, it was enough. He was always glad when she came in. And Ella, without knowing why, called his room home.

One evening, she and her cousin Madge found him opening a package just received from South America. He told them it contained something very precious, and that he had been long looking for it.

"Something precious!" exclaimed Madge. "Perhaps diamonds! You know diamonds ought to come from South America. Mamma says I am to have a diamond necklace by and by."

"Diamond fudge!" said Uncle Phil, carefully lifting the cover from the box.

"Nothing but dead butterflies!" cried Madge, scornfully, at sight of insects two or three inches long, with black and yellow wings.

"No," said her uncle, "they are Hemipters."

"And what may that be?" asked Madge.

"Bugs with sucking beaks. You never saw a butterfly with a head as long and broad as its body, wing-covers like these, and legs made strong and jointed for leaping."

"What great heads!" exclaimed Ella. "Do you not think them ugly?"

"They are not pretty now. But if Madge could have a living one, she would think it finer than a diamond, for then she might loop her dress with a flaming bug that would not burn."

Uncle Phil's eyes twinkled, for he saw that he had caught Madge

"Did any one ever wear them?" she asked.

"Not to my knowledge," was the reply. "The Cuban ladies often wear a large beetle that emits a beautiful light, and if the ladies of Surinam, where these Fulgoras were found, do not wear them, it must be their own fault."

"Oh dear!" cried Madge. "Where is Surinam, and what is Fulgora? It all sounds like Arabian Nights."

"Very true," replied her uncle. "I forgot that you could not find that out in the world of feathers and lace. Geography is of no account, but perhaps Ella will remember three little countries, French, Dutch, and English, tucked in an upper corner of South America and called Guiana. The Dutch portion is Surinam."

"And where is Fulgora?" asked Madge.

"Nowhere. Fulgora is the family name of these Lantern-flies that you called butterflies. Their heads are said to emit a flaming light at night. At least, the lady who first described them says it; and although some naturalists dispute it, I am inclined to believe her."

"Who was the lady?" questioned Ella.

"Sybille de Mérian, a French woman, the daughter of an artist. She did not embroider worsted insects and flowers that would fade, or copy any one's pictures but God's own. She learned to draw and paint real insects perfectly, and painted their habits also with great fidelity."

"How could she do that?" asked Ella.

INDIAN STONE KNIFE. PAGE 19.

"She pictures all the changes they undergo, the leaves on which they fed, and their friends and foes in such a way that you could read the whole story of their lives."

"That is better than working worsted," said Ella thoughtfully.

"Yes," returned Uncle Phil, "it lifted her soul toward God; so high indeed, that I do not think she could have troubled herself about other people's silk dresses and kid boots."

Madge pouted.

"I do not see much good in filling her portfolio with pictures of a lot of bugs," she said.

"She did not paint them for show," was the reply. "She painted them for wisdom's sake. So earnest was she in her work, that she sailed for America, not in one of our fine steamers, but in a poor little ship, one hundred and seventy-one years ago, and spent two years in the patient study of Natural History in Surinam. She engraved her own pictures, and published a book — the first illustrated book of insects. It has made her name famous. May not all the children thank her when they see the beautiful winged things on the pages of their books and papers, because it is to her industry and to her example we owe the thought so beautifully carried out in our own day. If she had decked her body rather than her mind, she would have won only envy and hatred. Now she is remembered with gratitude and admiration. Do you not think it was worth while to contribute so much as she did to the happiness and uplifting of others, as well as herself to enjoy the beauty and wonderfulness of God's creations?"

Madge went away with some new thoughts in her head, which, strange to say, made her very cross.

"Overcome evil with good." — Rom. xii. 21.

SIN.

BY AUNT EMMA.

THIS is a little word which is used very often, dear children, by your minister, your Sunday-school teacher, your parents, and, I dare say, by yourselves too; but which I fear you do not fully understand. Words are like cups, and are used to hold a meaning. Some, though very small, hold a great and important meaning. Such are some of the little words I have chosen from time to time as my texts, as saved, love, law, and the one I have taken to-day — SIN.

How often you have heard this word! You have been told that you must not sin; that the soul that sins must die; that Jesus came to save us from our sins; that we must repent of our sins, must confess them, and be washed from them. Now if we do not know what the word means, how are we to understand all these teachings?

The Bible says, Sin is the transgression of the law. I have explained to you the meaning of law. You know it means commandment — the commands of your parents, of your teachers, of your magistrates, and, higher than all, the commands of God. Transgression means disobedience. When, therefore, we disobey God's commandments, we sin.

Some people talk about little and big sins. They think if a man breaks into a house and murders the people, and steals the money, he commits a great, a very great sin; but that when we have wicked thoughts, or speak wicked words, or get angry, or tell a lie, all which some people do every day, and many times a day, that these are little sins. This is a mistake. A sin is a sin; it is an act of disobedience, and we can't make it "little" in the sight of God, although some sins hurt our fellow-creatures more than others.

And it is "exceeding sinful," the Bible says; because it shows that we do not love God nor regard Him, the good God, who is so kind, and tender, and loving towards us. It is setting up our will against the will of God. It is as if we said to Him, who is perfectly wise, and knows without mistake what is right and what is wrong, what we ought, and what we ought not to do, that we know better than He does, and shall do as we please. Can anything be more wicked than this?

Yes, every time you disobey your parents, every time you speak a naughty word, every time you take the cake or lump of sugar from the closet without permission, every time you speak or act a lie, you say by that act, "I do not care for God; I will have my own way."

I heard a little girl say once in a very naughty tone, when her mother was talking to her about being good, "I don't care for God;" and I was so shocked that I have never forgotten it, though it was more than forty years ago. O my dear children, it is a dreadful thing not to care for God, and to say so is bold and wicked indeed. But you do say it every time you sin.

Now, little ones, how does sin look to you? Is it not a hateful thing? God says, it is the abominable thing which He hates. These are strong words, but not too strong. We ought to hate it too. As I told you, some months ago, it is the only thing we may hate. And we must not only hate it, but flee from it as we would from an enemy.

A poor colored woman once said to me, "Oh, how I do hate sin, missus! it seems just like a great, black serpent following me, and I am so afraid of it, so afraid of it. I wouldn't have it catch me for anything."

"Well, what do you do, Betsy?" I asked.

"Why, I run right to Jesus, and hide away in Him," she said. "Only Jesus can save us from our sins."

Yes, she was right; Jesus, only Jesus, can save us from our sins. Our past sins we must be sorry for, and ask God to forgive, and to wash away in Jesus' blood. And then we must ask Him to help us not to sin. Jesus saves us from sin in these two ways; by forgiving our past sins, and deliver-

ing us from the love and power of it for the future.

Will you all learn this verse? It is what the angel said to Mary, when he went to tell her that she was to be the mother of the Holy Child: "Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins." And then pray that He may be your Jesus, your Saviour.

THE PURITAN PEACE-MAKER.

BY UNA LOCKE.

TOMAHAWK.

MORE than two hundred years ago, a man (whose neighbors were impolite enough to ask him to leave their settlement) came to the shore of Narragansett Bay. He was an Englishman; a Puritan, whose opinions had come after a while to differ from those of the Puritans in Massachusetts, to whom he had joined himself. After preaching a time in Salem, Mass., he left hastily and secretly, some time in January, in a bitterly cold season, and for fourteen weeks he did not know, he said, "what bread or bed did mean." He left, "by the loving advice," as he says, of his fast friend, Gov. Winthrop, in order to save himself from banishment to England. He found friends among the Indians, and erected a home in Seekonk, on the east side of the Seekonk or Pawtucket River. But the Governor of Massachusetts wrote him that he was still in the jurisdiction of the people from whom he fled, and very kindly gave his advice that he cross the river and settle on the other side.

So he, with some others who had joined him at this location, took a canoe and went down the stream. Did you ever see a canoe? The picture will show you how a birch bark-canoe looks. It is made of basket-work covered with bark. The Indians had another kind made of a log by burning and scraping it with their rude knife and adze, both made of stone.

CANOES.

As they came towards the shore at a certain place, they were hailed by Indians who called to them in a phrase which the English then used as a salutation, and which they had learned from them, without perhaps knowing what the words meant:—"*What cheer?*"

This was used as we use the friendly "How do you do?" This was better than to have met them with their terrible war-club, the tomahawk.

Here the company in the canoe landed upon a rock which jutted out into the water. This rock was formerly considered as sacred by the Rhode Island people as is Plymouth Rock by those of Massachusetts. A few years ago it was greatly visited, going by the name of "What-cheer Rock," otherwise, less poetically called "Slate Rock." But now the sand has drifted over it, the shore has formed beyond it, the surroundings are neglected and disagreeable, and the picturesque beauty of the spot has gone.

ADZ.

But the name of the man, who landed there with his companions, is revered by every true Rhode Islander. For he it was who founded the city of Providence, and gave to it the name which shall forever testify of the tender oversight of the heavenly Father to His outcast ones.

Here lived the Narragansett Indians, governed by their two sachems, Canonicus, who was an old man, and Miantonomo, his nephew. Of them, Roger Williams, the founder of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, bought the land. At first it was given to him verbally, but after two years he received from them a deed. In signing the deed, Miantonomo made a picture of an arrow; for he could not write his name.

The arrows used by these Indians were constructed of a light straight stick or reed, tipped with a head of flint or some other hard stone chipped into something the form of a spear-head. There were those among the tribes who made a special trade of working out these arrow-heads. I have, when a child, picked up a variety of these on the bank of the Connecticut River. Some were of shining white quartz partly crystallized, dainty enough for the favorite boy-hunter of a chief; others were clumsy and huge, and were mostly of black and gray stone; and with these they killed their game. This was the "mark" of Miantinomo.

It is said Roger Williams expended much time and money in relieving the sick among them,—that he labored for their spiritual good "with some success." Dr. Bentley writes: "He understood the Indians better than any man of his age. He made not so many converts, but he made more sincere friends." He himself says, "I have travelled with neere 200 of them at once, neere 100 miles through the woods." They were greatly under his influence, which he used to promote peace between them and the Massachusetts and Connecticut Colonies, apprising the latter of hostile intentions which he discovered among the Indians. He adopted some of their modes of dress. He says of the moccasin, which was a kind of sock made of deer-skin,—that it "being excellently tanned by them is excellent for to travell in wet and snow; for it is so tempered with oil, that the water cleane wrings out, and being hanged up in their chimney, they presently drie without hurt, as myselfe hath often proved."

In 1671, when King Philip had become exasperated against the colonists, and was meditating war against them, some gentlemen from Plymouth and some from the Massachusetts Colony, went to Taunton to look into the matter. Philip was so jealous of their motives that he would not come out of his camp to meet them. So Mr. Williams, then over seventy years of age, went with a Mr. Browne, and they offered to remain in the Indian camp as hostages for the good intentions of those who had come to treat with him. This emboldened Philip to go out to the commissioners, and the result of the conference was a promise from him of friendliness for the future, and the delivering into their hands of seventy guns. This delayed King Philip's War for four years.

There is a tradition which says that in the year 1676, after this dreadful war had commenced, a company of Indians came towards Providence, and appearing on a hill to the north, Roger Williams, an old man, took his staff and went out to meet them, thinking he might be, as formerly, a peace-maker. Some of the old men among them recognized him, and came forward and met him, telling him that though they who knew him would not harm him, there were young warriors among them whom they might not be able to restrain; and he took their advice and went back to the garrison.

But that for which this good man is most honored in the State which he founded, is the opinion on which he acted, and which then was not at all prevalent, that every man should be allowed liberty of religious belief by law. Other men, as Cromwell, and William the Silent, of Holland, believed this, but their influence did not extend out of their own territories. The sentiment of Roger Williams became that of all the States of the Union. At first Rhode Island, like Holland, was a resort for the persecuted. Now this is true of the whole United States of America.

ARROW.

PATTY STEENE'S MISTAKE.

BY M. E. M.

"PATTY STEENE!" cried one of the girls, as, her bag of books on her arm, she entered the play-ground one morning; "there are two new scholars, Lucy Oliver and Carrie Phelps. Lucy is sweet, I am sure; but Carrie—I wonder Miss Ames let her come. Why! her mother's a washerwoman. Don't let's speak to her!"

"I sha'n't!" said Patty; "this school is getting too common, lately, for anything!"

The bell rung, and all the children went into the school-room. The two new scholars were side by side on a bench at the teacher's right hand. Lucy was beautifully dressed in a blue merino, with a ruffled white apron. Her long hair was curled, and on one dimpled hand she wore two gold rings.

"How pretty she is!" thought Patty Steene. "I know I shall love her."

Carrie was neatly dressed. But her frock was a faded calico, and it was patched in several places with pieces of the same, as it had been when new and bright. Her face was pale; she had a large mouth, and short, stubby, black hair. Patty gave her one look, and said to herself, "I shall never care for her, I am sure. Such an ugly girl!"

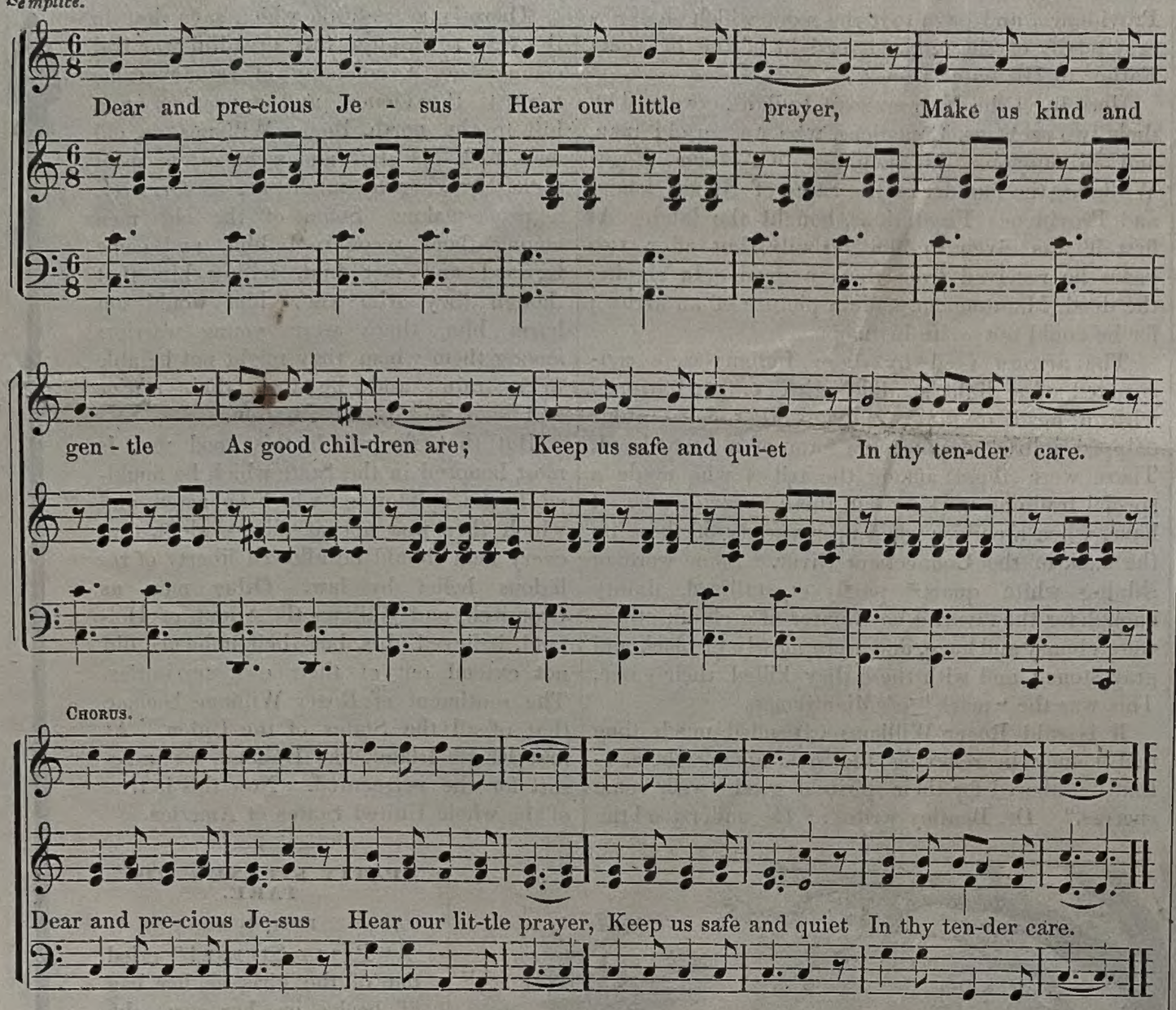
MOCCASIN.

By the end of a week, Lucy and Patty were great friends. Miss Ames had put the two new scholars one on each side of Patty; but, true to her first thought, she ignored Carrie altogether. Every day Carrie ate her bread and meat all alone at luncheon time, while Lucy and Patty shared their fruit and cake with each other. Lucy was not painstaking, and

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

WORDS BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH. SOLO AND CHORUS. MUSIC BY B. B. S.

Semplice.



2. Wise and watchful Shepherd,
We belong to Thee;
Hold thy lambs from straying,
Near us ever be;
From all guile and passion
Keep us ever free.
CHORUS.

3. Kind and pitying Saviour,
Guide us with thy love;
When our little footsteps
Here no longer rove,
Bear us in thy bosom
To thy heaven above.
CHORUS.

often missed her lessons, and Patty got into disgrace by telling her; while Carrie, who studied hard, soon took a high place in her classes. All this, however, only made Patty behave more hatefully to Carrie.

One day, as the girls were on their way home, a runaway horse came rushing down the road as swift as the wind. Everybody but Patty succeeded in getting out of his way; but one of his heels knocked her as he passed, and she was left lying in the dust, bleeding and insensible. Terror-stricken, the children ran, some in one direction, and some in another, and Lucy Oliver, as they told Patty afterwards, did not even look back. But one stayed by her: Carrie, the despised washerwoman's daughter, dragged her to the side of the road, wet her handkerchief in the little brook that ran by the way, and bathed her head, and then ran with all her might to the nearest house for help.

It proved that Patty was more frightened than hurt; but she never forgot, that, when she came to herself, it was plain little Carrie whose face was bent tenderly over her, and who actually cried for joy when she heard the doctor say that there was "no harm done."

"Fine feathers make fine birds," says an old proverb.

It is never safe to judge only by the outside.

COURAGE.

FEW boys have the right idea of courage. It is often possessed by quiet and gentle boys who are looked upon by their mates as the least courageous. The boy who will not quarrel when he is abused; the boy who keeps himself pure in speech and act when others are rough and wicked; the boy who defends the weak against the strong; the boy who loves God, and is not afraid to show it — he is the brave boy, and makes the noble man. Don't forget, dear boy. BATCHELDER.

"Swear not at all."

THE TRUSTING WARBLER.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

OH! tell me, little chickadee,
Who taught you that sweet lay?
You look so happy in the storm,
And sing the livelong day.
"Our Heavenly Father from on high,
My voice did give to me,
And taught me all these pretty notes,"
Said little chickadee.

Who told you that the cedar plums
Were fit for birds to eat?
How do you know where cedars grow?
And plums, and berries sweet?
"Our Heavenly Father told me all
About each bush and tree,
And where to get my daily food,"
Said little chickadee.

You have no fire, nor woolen clothes,
Wherewith to keep you warm;
Oh! are you not afraid some day
You'll perish in the storm?
"Oh, no! I have a robe of down
And feathers, as you see;
Our Heavenly Father cares for all,"
Said little chickadee.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." — Matt. x. 29, 31.

QUESTIONS FOR LITTLE BIBLE READERS.

26. See if you can tell the story in this picture, and then see if you can find it in the Bible.

27. Do you remember anything in the Bible about a little coat?

28. Does the Bible say anything about the color of any one's coat?

29. Can you give the name of a good woman who used to make coats?

30. What follower of Christ wore a fisher's coat?

31. What is said of the coats of three pious Jews, who were wonderfully kept from a cruel death?

32. Does our Saviour say anything about a coat? What lesson does it teach?

33. What is said about the coat which Jesus wore?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE APRIL PAPER.

20. Saul of Tarsus. Acts ix. 1–22.
21. Samuel. 1 Sam. iii. 3–10.
22. 1 Sam. iii. 15.
23. Read Exodus ii. 6.
24. Read Exodus ii. 2, and Heb. xi. 23.
25. Read Matt. xviii. 3; xix. 13; xxi. 15, 16.

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